

Wm. L. E. Dinslow

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## BIOGRAPHICAL.

Josiah Bartlett.

Original.

JOSIAH BARTLETT was the fourth son of STEPHEN BARTLETT of Amesbury Mass, and was born in that town in Nov. 1729. His ancestors were of Norman origin, and settled in England at the time of the conquest, from which country, his immediate ancestors came to America and settled probably in Beverly, where his great grandfather John lived.

At the early age of sixteen, the subject of this article commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Ordway of his native town, having previously acquired a knowledge of the Greek and Latin. In the year 1750, at the age of twenty-one, he settled in practice at Kingston, N. H. Here he resided in the family of Rev. Jos. Secombe, and was, in 1752, brought to the verge of the grave by a fever. After his case had been pronounced hopeless, he was relieved by a copious draught of *cider*, which he persuaded his attendants to administer, and was thus taught to regard nature rather than arbitrary rules in the practice of his profession. In 1754 and 5, a disease of the throat, of a very malignant and fatal character made its appearance for the second time in Kingston. The usual antiphlogistic course, formerly pursued, had almost invariably proved of no avail, and Dr. B. was induced to try the Peruvian bark in the treatment of this disease. His success was astonishing, and he found himself at once raised to distinction as a physician.

He early commenced his splendid political career. In 1765, he was chosen to represent the town of his adoption in the state legislature. He had previously been appointed, by Gov. Wentworth, a justice of the peace and commander of a regiment of militia, both offices, once of distinction, but now sadly fallen in the estimation of the public. Dr. B. was annually sent to the General Court by his constituents till the close of the royal government, and was throughout the whole period a leader of that body, which at first a small minority of the whole, gradually acquired such strength as to overcome all opposition. When the provincial Congress was convened at Exeter in July 1774, to choose delegates to the first General Congress, he was immediately selected as a proper person to represent them in that august assemblage. He was compelled to decline the honor, having experienced a derangement of his personal concerns, and a great loss of property by the destruction of his dwelling by fire. He remained, however, a member of the assembly, and continued to oppose the measures of the government in so spirited and efficient manner, that, in Feb. 1775, he received from Gov. Wentworth the honor of a com-

mand, notifying him of his removal from the office of Justice of peace, and Colonel of militia. He was not alone in this procedure; many of the leading whigs received equally flattering testimonials of their patriotism and virtue.

He was chosen a member of the first committee of safety and continued in that body, without intermission, till Jan. 1776. In Dec. 1774, he was one of the party which attacked and robbed the fort, King Wm. and Mary, of which an account was given in the sketch of Langdon. In Sept. 1775, he was appointed by the provincial Congress to the command of the 7th regiment of militia, which he held till the 16th Mar. 1779, when his resignation was accepted. On the 23d of Aug. 1775, he was chosen delegate to Congress, in the room of Gen. Sullivan, who was engaged in the army, and took his seat on the 16th September. On the 23d Jan. 1776, he was again appointed to the same honorable office. In March 1776, he returned home for a short time, but again repaired to Philadelphia. He was one of the most indefatigable members, serving often on important committees till late at night, after having attended to his duties during the day in the main body. As early as Jan. 1776, we find him writing to his friend Langdon in favor of a declaration of independence; an act, which was then looked upon with horror and affright by many good patriots and well-wishers to their country. When the final question was put, Mr. Bartlett, as the representative of the northernmost colony, was first called, and was the first to give his vote, and, after the President, to sign his name in favor of such a measure. Dr. B. remained in the active performance of his duties till late in the year 1776, when, worn down with fatigue, he returned to New Hampshire.

When the province of New-Hampshire first 'took up government', agreeably to the recommendation of congress, Dr. Bartlett was appointed on the 26th Jan. 1776, justice of the court of common pleas for Rockingham co., but probably did not perform the duties of the office, his presence having been required at congress. Immediately after his return, on the 20th Jan. 1777, he was again chosen to the committee of Safety, and remained in that body till again elected member of congress. On the 25th Dec., he was again elected a delegate, but did not at that time take his seat. On the 12th Nov. 1778, he was once more chosen, and on the 14th his name is coupled with that of John Wentworth jr., and both were elected for the ensuing year. He took his seat on the 21st of May, at Yorktown, Philadelphia being then occupied by the British. Here he remained, and at Philadelphia, whither Congress adjourned on its evacuation, till October, having been, on the seventeenth and again on the nineteenth of August, in com-

pany with other gentlemen, re-elected to Congress. In October, he obtained leave of absence and returned, and never afterwards took his seat in that body.

His services at home were, however, unre-mitted. He was elected, in Jan. 1779, to the committee of safety, and served in that body upwards of two years. In 1779, he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas, and in 1780, muster master of the troops then raising for three years and during the war. On the 14th Nov. 1782, Judge Thornton having resigned the office, to which he had been recently appointed, Dr. B. was elected in his stead justice of the Superior court of judicature. He continued in this office till his appointment as chief-justice of the state, in 1788. On the 26th of Feb. 1783, he was again chosen a delegate to the continental congress, but it is certain that he never acted in that capacity.

On the adoption of the new state constitution in 1784, Dr. B. presided, being senior counsellor, President Weare being necessarily absent. This was the last year of his serving as a member of the council, having continued in that body since the first form of government was adopted, a period of eight years. In June 1784, he was appointed on the committee to revise the laws and report necessary bills.

In 1788, he was a member of the convention, called to consider of the proposed federal constitution, and strenuously urged its adoption. Under this constitution, he was elected, with his friend Langdon, a senator of the United States, but the infirmities of his age, being now in his sixtieth year, admonished him to decline the office.

In June 1790, he was elected president of New Hampshire, in which office he continued till 1794; the last year of his term, he was styled *Governor*, and was the first in N. H., who bore that title. He was an excellent chief-magistrate, and possessed in the highest degree, the confidence of his fellow citizens. In 1792, he was an elector at large of President and Vice-President. On the twenty-ninth of January 1794, he addressed to the legislature the following letter:

"Gentlemen of the legislature; After having served the public for a number of years, to the best of my abilities, in the various offices to which I have had the honor to be appointed, I think it proper, before your adjournment, to signify to you, and through you, to my fellow-citizens at large, that I now find myself so far advanced in age that it will be expedient for me at the close of the session, to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business, to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state."

'The repose of a private life,' this distinguished patriot was not permitted long to

enjoy. He departed this life on the nineteenth of May, 1795, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

'The stern patriotism and inflexible republicanism which adorned the character of Dr. Bartlett, have already been developed. His mind was quick and penetrating, his memory tenacious, his judgment sound and perspective. His natural temper was open, humane and compassionate. In all his dealings, he was scrupulously just, and faithful in the performance of all his engagements. His brilliant talents, combined with distinguished probity, recommended him early in life to the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. But few persons, by their own merit, and without the influence of family or party connexions, have, like him, risen from one degree of confidence to another; and fewer still have been the instances, in which a succession of honorable and important offices have been held by any man with less envy, or executed with more general approbation.'

Dr. Bartlett's wife, a lady of Kingston, of the same family name, died in 1789. Three of his sons have been distinguished citizens of New-Hampshire, and all physicians. LEVI of Kingston, six years a counsellor, judge of the court of common pleas and elector of President and vice President, died 30th Jan. 1828, aet. 64. JOSIAH of Stratham, President of the senate, an Elector, President N. H. Medical Society, and Representative in Congress, is still living. EZRA, counsellor, judge of common pleas and elector of President, is also living.

Samuel Sparhawk.

Original.

The late SAMUEL SPARHAWK was descended from one of the most ancient and respectable families in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Nathaniel Sparhawk, his great ancestor, came from England as early as 1639, and settled at Cambridge, which he represented in the General Court five years, from 1642 to 1647, and where he died 28 June, 1647, leaving a number of children, of whom Nathaniel, the eldest, married a daughter of Rev. Samuel Newman, one of the most distinguished clergymen in the Colony. Their son John was born in 1673, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1689, and was the minister of Bristol, where he died 29 April, 1718, aged 45, leaving two sons, John and Nathaniel, the latter of whom married the only daughter of Sir William Pepperell, and became heir to the Pepperell estate. John, the eldest, was born in 1713, was graduated at Harvard College in 1731, and was ordained over the First Church in Salem, in 1736, and there died 30 April, 1755, aged 42. He had thirteen children, of whom John, born in 1713, and educated under the care of his uncle Col. Sparhawk of Kittery, was the father of the subject of this notice. He settled as a merchant in Portsmouth, and represented that town in the General Court, and was one year (1787) Speaker of the House of Representatives. He died 5 September, 1787,

aged 44, about the same age at which his ancestors for a number of generations had died. Of his four sons, SAMUEL was the youngest, and was born at Portsmouth in 1779. He engaged in the profession of his father and settled in his native town, where he resided until he took up his residence in Concord. Having been elected Secretary of State in the room of Nathaniel Parker, Esq., he removed in 1810, to the seat of government, where he resided until 1830. Excepting the years 1814 and 1815, he filled the office of Secretary until 1825, and in the language of another who knew him well, "no man ever enjoyed a more enviable reputation. Always prompt at his post, he neglected nothing that belonged to his duty, and suffered no unhallowed party feelings or prejudices to influence in the remotest degree the discharge of public trusts.—Men of all parties could approach him with open hearts, and there are few men living who have stronger personal friends than had Mr. Sparhawk."

Besides discharging the duties appertaining to his office as Secretary, he found leisure to fill the office of Cashier of the Concord (Upper) Bank during nearly or quite his whole residence in this town, and the same praise, which is above bestowed upon him as Secretary, will equally apply to his character while filling that responsible station. Notwithstanding all the multiplied labors involved in these offices, Mr. Sparhawk found considerable time to attend to literary pursuits, and his fondness for them always remained. In 1823, he was favored with an opportunity of indulging in them by coming into possession of a large and valuable library, which belonged to his brother-in-law, Rev. William M'Kinstry, who had spent most of his life in England as a minister of the established church, but who returned with his property to his native country, and closed his days at Mr. Sparhawk's.

The literary attainments of Mr. Sparhawk were so well appreciated by the highest literary institution of this State, that he was honored by it in 1819 with the honorary degree of A. M. Of the New Hampshire Historical Society, he was one of the first elected members after it had gone into operation, and it was through his agency that a copy of Penhallow's Indian Wars, a very scarce book, was procured for re-publication in the first volume of the Society's Collections. He was elected treasurer of the Society in June, 1825, and continued as such until June, 1830, when he left Concord.—In 1828, he was chosen one of the electors of President and Vice President.

After residing a short time at Portsmouth, he removed with his family, to Brookline, Massachusetts, a delightful village, and only a few miles from Boston. He remained there until 1832, when he removed to Conway, in this State, where his brother had previously fixed his residence. "Here his buildings and their appurtenances, directed by himself, were constructed with an uncommon foresight for prudence, economy, neatness and comfort—in fact, the whole establishment was a complete index of the man."

In this retirement, he closed his earthly pilgrimage, after a number of years of feeble health, on the 22 Nov., 1834, aged 55 years.

We close this very brief sketch of this worthy and excellent man, in the words of the talented Editor of the Statesman.

"Intelligent and amiable in his character beyond most men—possessing a mind enriched by the stores of learning, and enlarged by reflection and meditation—charitable and benevolent as an apostle of Mercy—there are hundreds of poor widows and orphans, who will bless the *ahns-giving SPARHAWK*, long years after his body shall have commingled with the dust. To numerous families and individuals in the vicinity of Concord, the intelligence of his death will be mournful; they will feel that they have lost a friend, who was a friend in need.—How oft, amid the chills of winter, and the terrors of its storms, has the benevolence of this good man pierced the gloom which shrouded the humblest dwelling, and gladdened the hearts of the suffering! How oft did he visit the sick man's bedside, and the abode of the unfortunate, to administer comfort and consolation. It is most truly said—he was a father to the fatherless, and the friend of the afflicted: but *his* ideas of Charity went far beyond its common acceptation and construction, "alms giving;" and though pure and unsullied himself, he never neglected the opportunity of spreading its mantle over the defects of others. To the remnant of that little band of Christians called Sandemanians his loss is irreparable—to his immediate friends and connexions, who were wont to look to him for support in affliction, and listen to his mild and amiable manner of instructing and advising, it is distressing. That *their* loss is *his* gain, cannot be doubted—for "he died as he lived, in the hope of a better life, through the merits of our Saviour."

In Politics, he was a true patriot—in Religion, a sincere and humble christian.—Those who had the honor of his acquaintance saw before them "the noblest work of God;" but those who possessed his friendship and confidence need language to express their admiration of that perfect and upright man. It is an honor to Portsmouth to have produced such a man—it is an honor to Concord to have numbered him among her citizens for such a length of time—it is an honor to New Hampshire that there *has been* a period when WORTH was so duly appreciated as to continue the subject of these remarks in so responsible a station as that of Secretary of State for such a length of time."

The United States' Capitol.

Original.

The most splendid building in the United States is the Capitol at Washington. It is remarkable for the extent and magnificence of its structure, covering an area of more than 67,000 square feet. It is surmounted by three beautiful domes, the largest of which rises to the height of 145 feet above the pavements on the east side, and 228 ft. above the tide water, which flows up the mouth of



the Tibur, a small river emptying into the Potomac, to the very foot of Capitol hill.— Pennsylvania Avenue, the largest and most celebrated street in the City, lies in a straight line between the President's house and the Capitol about 1 3-4 miles apart. Proceeding along this Avenue you approach the west side of the Capitol.

The view from a distance is exceedingly magnificent; the sub-basement or lowest story, is hid in the perspective by a terrace in advance of the building, covered externally by a sloping embankment of green turf; above this rises the main basement, decorated with a series of pilasters, with their entablature, rustic basement, and balustrade, all extending round the ends of the building. The exterior walls, columns, pilasters and other decorations are composed of free-stone, whitened so as to have the appearance at a short distance of the finest white marble. From the western entrance of the enclosed grounds you ascend to the grand terrace by two flights of steps. Here you meet with a beautiful naval monument erected by our generous, high-minded seamen, in memory of the noble daring and chivalrous exploits of their brothers-in-arms, who fell at the siege of Tripoli. The column is of white marble, with a marble base rising out of a beautiful elliptical basin of water and surmounted by the emblems of our national flag, an eagle holding in his talons the symbols of the Union. On three of the sides are the names of SOMERS, CALDWELL, DECATUR, WADSWORTH, DORSEY and ISRAEL, under whose fostering hands our infant Navy first gained a name upon the great deep; and from the shadow of whose glory its renown spread to the ends of the earth. The column is ornamented with statues representing the genius of America, History, Commerce and Fame. The most interesting of these is the genius of America, standing on the south-western corner of the socle, in the attire of an Indian, holding two youths by the hand, one of which holds a bundle of rods, in imitation of the Roman fasces.— Next towards the north stands Commerce, with the wand of Mercury in one hand and the horn of plenty in the other. Like the messenger of the gods, she flies from nation to nation, and of her abundance pours out prosperity on our beloved country, and here she is offering her devotion to the martyrs who fell in her cause. Next stands Fame, holding the wreath of immortality over the names of the illustrious dead. History, in the likeness of a female, sits with a book and stylus, recording the exploits of the fallen warriors. The sides of the monument bear various inscriptions, one of which is as follows:

"The love of glory inspired them,  
Fame has crowned their deeds,  
History records the event,  
The children of Columbia admire,  
And commerce laments their fall."

The basin, in which the monument is erected, contains nearly 80,000 gallons of water, and is constantly supplied by a beautiful marble fountain under the great arch of the terrace, flanking the west side of the

building. Such is a hasty sketch of the west front of the Capitol of the United States.

Washington, Dec. 18, 1834.

American Poetry. No. 3.

Original.

Of all the branches of the poetic art in our country, that of satire seems to have been the least cultivated. We have had in our country no work in this class of writing, which is fit to be compared to the Hudibras of Butler or the scorching lines of Dean Swift, unless indeed, we except the author of that popular, spirited poem M'Fingal. Of him, we may, at some future period, speak at greater length. JONATHAN M. SCOTT, Esq. published a poem in four cantos, at New-York, in 1817, called the Blue-Lights, or the Convention, a political satire, containing some touches of genuine humor, and many caustic allusions to the weak points in the creed of the federalists. THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, Esq. formerly of Walpole in this state, and if we mistake not, a contributor to the Farmer's Museum, while in its best days, and who is now, having retired from the political arena, the editor of the New-England Farmer, was a powerful satiric writer. He published, about the commencement of the present century, a poem, in the Hudibrastic verse, called Terrible Tractoration, a poetical petition against Galvanizing Trumpery and the Perkinistic Institution, &c. It will be remembered that Dr. Elisha Perkins of Plainfield Conn., invented in 1796, the Tractors, two pointed instruments, one of steel, the other of brass. By a sort of galvanic influence, these tractors were supposed to effect important cures of the headache, toothache, rheumatism &c. by drawing the points a few minutes over the parts affected. The fame of the invention extended to England; an institution on the Perkinistic plan was erected in London; the published cases of cures amounted to 5000, and were certified by 8 professors, 40 physicians and 30 clergymen, yet the inventor died in 1799 and the fame of the invention, like other fevers, passed away and was forgotten. Such a subject was a fruitful theme for the Hudibrastic muse, and the opportunity was not lost upon Fessenden. The poem, written by Christopher Caustic, LL.D. had great circulation, and was republished in England. Being a leading Federalist, Mr. F. was induced to write a lengthy satiric poem on the failings of his opponents. This, as every spirited political publication will be, was lauded to the skies, or damned to eternal infamy, according to the political predilection of the reader. It passed through several editions, and large impressions were disposed of, much to the pecuniary advantage of Mr. F., who, making no secret of the authorship, himself held the copy-right, and found the employment of his pen in such a service a more profitable business, than is the profession of most rhymesters. It was called "Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the Garb of Patriotism," and was divided into six cantos. He afterwards

published a volume of miscellaneous pieces, under the title of "Original Poems, by the Author of Democracy Unveiled." These displayed the same vein of pleasantry and sportive humor which had characterized the lighter parts of his former productions.— The following dry dose may serve to illustrate the severity which he sometimes made use of. It was administered to one Anthony Haswell, editor of a democratic paper in Bennington, Vermont.

THE ORIGIN AND FORMATION  
Of the soul of a noted little Democrat.

Certain sages, learn'd and twistical,  
By reasoning not one whit sophistical,  
Have proved what's wonderful, to wit,  
The smallest atom may be split,  
Then split again, ad infinitum,  
And diagrams, which much might 'em  
By Mr. Martin, make it out,  
Beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Matter thus splittable, I ween,  
With half an eye, it may be seen,  
That spirit, being much diviner,  
May be proportionably finer;  
Nor is this merely postulatium,  
'Tis prov'd by facts, and thus we state 'em.

Dame Nature, once, in mood of merriment,  
Performed the following droll experiment,  
She took a most diminished sprite,  
Smaller than microscopic mite,  
An hundred thousand such might lie,  
Wedg'd in a cambric needle's eye;  
And then by dint of her divinity,  
Divided it one whole infinity,  
Next culled the very smallest particle,  
And shap'd the democratic article,  
That little, dirty, devilish dole,  
Which serves for Tony Haswell's soul!

B.

Culture of Silk. No. 5.

Original.

The silk machine, recently introduced here, has four spindles, and the wheel is turned by hand. A boy could move a dozen spindles, which will be added, as the increasing number of cocoons for sale may require. In Europe the reel winds off the thread without twisting; the machine in Concord twists the first thread at the time it is reeled; it also performs the office of what is called a throwing or throwing machine, which twists and stretches the threads and doubles or trebles them as required. The spools are placed on a cross-bar and rise and fall gradually on the spindles, by which means the thread is distributed on the spool. This is what the patentee calls the heart-motion, as it is produced by a wheel in the shape of a heart. There is therefore some heart in the New-Hampshire silk; at any rate there will be if the people have the heart to give the subject the attention it deserves. It is intended to establish a loom in the course of this year; if that is done, the machine will spin warp and filling principally: a lasting and handsome article for vests may be produced, stuffs of silk and cotton, or silk and worsted are also very durable. Cotton looms weave a thread as fine as number forty, and would answer the purpose very well with steel reeds. There is therefore no difficulty in prospect, which we do not feel strong enough to surmount.

*The Partners—Or Abbot and Below.  
A Tale of Common Life.*

By H. Hastings Weld.

'NEW STORE. Smith & Brown respectfully inform the public of Cedarville and vicinity, and their friends generally, that they have taken the Store on Main-Street, a few doors from the Meeting-house, where they have on hand and for sale, every description of goods, at prices as low as at any other place, city or country.'

THE above, with the usual abundant sprinkling of *Italics*, capitals, and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, on the morning of the 20th of May, 18—. "Who Smith & Brown?" inquired the old ladies of the village, as their eyes wandered from the record of the deaths to the advertisement below;—and "Who is Smith & Brown?" echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymeneal record, also glanced at the advertisement. Methinks the reader is inquiring too, "Who the deuce are the Smith & Brown, introduced by you so abruptly?" Patience, sir, if sir you be, (if madame, it is of no use to preach patience,) patience, and you will in proper time become acquainted with the PARTNERS.

Smith & Brown had decided to connect themselves in business, and astonish the natives of some country town, with a store a touch above any thing of the kind out of the limits of the metropolis. Cedarville happened to be the place pitched upon, and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of 'opening' performed, that until they were ready for customers, not more than half the women within ten miles of their store knew that such a thing was in contemplation. The Cedarville Universal Advertiser had the merit for once of containing something of which the universe was not previously advised; and the gossips of Cedarville became nearly distracted that such a march had been stolen upon them. They readily fell in with the opinion of Old Pimento at the old stand, that the 'new store' sprouted up like a mushroom in a night, and would be making a fail before they knew it. Commence business without making six month preparatory talk! the thing was preposterous and unprecedented.—But they succeeded, nevertheless. The young women had become tired of shopworn commodities, especially when sold by a crusty old Benedict, and the new faces of two young bachelors were irresistible. All the influence of the Editor of the Universal Advertiser was on the side of the new store, for the trader at the old one never could be persuaded that in a town where there was but one store, there was any need of advertising—and even now that there were two, he would not enter into an advertising battle with the new comers, whose advertisements added some ten dollars to the annual income of the Advertiser, no inconsiderable item, by the way in the receipts of a country editor. For this sum they were allowed a *square*, which, in the country, means a page of the paper.

Awful was the schism created in Cedarville by the 'New Store!' Old Mr. Pimento stopped his paper, because 'he liked an independent press,' and the Advertiser had had the impudence to publish Smith & Brown's advertisements, to his manifest injury. Such is the general idea of newspaper independence—subscribers like to see the editor untrammelled, and therefore relieve him of the cumberance of their names, upon less grievous causes than that which induced Mr. Pimento to discontinue the Cedarville Universal Advertiser. The old ladies sided with Mr. Pimento, and the young ones belonged to the other faction, and the men stood neutral, or moved as driven by wife, daughter, or wife intended. Such was the posture of affairs in the town of Cedarville, the parties alternately going up and down as, Old Pimento sold the best molasses, or Smith & Brown, the best bargains, when affairs began to come upon the carpet more directly interesting to Smith & Brown, and therefore to the readers of our veritable history. The star of the young firm had been for some days on the ascendant, and after a good day's work, both partners waited in the store, as if each had something to tell the other with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own.

Each made awkward work of his communication, but we, like a sensible historian, shall avoid recording their stammering preface, and state that each had come to the conclusion that when it was said that 'it is not good for man to be alone'—partnerships in business were not the only associations deemed necessary by the apostle. Though Satan is ever fond of rebuking sin—yet neither party could condemn the other for the intended sin of matrimony in the abstract; but each *thought* his disapprobation of the other.

"Humph!" said Smith to himself, "Brown is determined then to throw himself away upon that low-bred dowdy! She is as poor as she is avaricious."

"Well," said Brown, as he shrugged one shoulder,—"Smith may yoke himself to purse-pride and expectations, if he will. It is no business of mine."

And so they parted for the night.

'MARRIED.—In B—, by Rev. M. Thumpeushion, Mr. John Smith, of Cedarville, senior partner in the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Ann Matilda, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Ingot, of B—'

In C—, Mr. David Brown, of Cedarville, junior partner in the firm of Smith & Brown, to Miss Mary Tidd.'

Another feather floated in the cap of the Editor of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser—for the above interesting item of intelligence beamed first upon Cedarville through its columns, so silently had every thing been conducted. In dilating upon the square inch of cake which accompanied the manuscript notice, he gave birth to the only original editorial which had appeared in his columns since, six weeks before. Mr. Black's boy had supplied a 'Narrow Escape' by cutting his finger with a case knife.—The effect

of the announcement upon the inhabitants of Cedarville was the breaking up in a great measure of the party divisions. The old ladies were indignant that this news burst upon the community without giving them even a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had secretly, and in her own mind, appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to have a manifest leaning to the Pimento party; and the married and engaged young ladies, who stuck to the firm in hopes of 'invites' to their parties, were in the minority. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Smith & Brown. Faster than the slow heels of the carrier boy circulated the Cedarville Universal Advertiser about the village, the intelligence flew orally, that Smith & Brown 'were giving a treat.' This at once formed a new accession to the New Store party, as every man in a New-England village in 18—, would drink where liquor ran without money and without price, and every boy would be on hand to eat the sugar from the bottom of the tumblers, and suck the toddy sticks and long to be men—that being as near to drinking as boys were permitted to go—their elders sagely backing their own examples by warning boys not to drink spirit. (They manage these things better now-a-days.) The Editor gained great credit for an *impromptu* toast, concocted during all the night before, in which he hoped the "House of Smith & Brown would fare none the worse for having taken sleeping partners." Old Pimento, who had found his way into the store for the first time, went home growling that they would 'spoil the trade if they did not reduce their spirit more.' Upon reaching his own store, he put another gallon of alcohol into each of his bar casks of water and alcohol, swept a peck of flies from out of his shop windows, and blew some of the dust off his shelves.

"Will they give a party, I wonder?" Here the Cedarville Universal Advertiser could not forestall the women, who are the exclusive venders of this sort of news; and the women soon got hold of circumstantial evidence that at Smith's house something was in embryo. He had sent and bought eight quarts of milk of one neighbor, and his 'help' had borrowed another's 'hearts and rounds.' "Shall I get an invite?" was the next question—but the worthy folks were kept but a little while in suspense. The shop boy of Smith & Brown soon left printed 'invites' at every house in the village, not even excepting those of the Pimentos and that of old Pimento himself. Business like, these invitations were issued in the name of the firm.

It was over. Old Pimento, who had lingered the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat alone.

"My dear" said the lady, "I do not see



why you would invite all that *canaille* to our house."

"Policy, Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Cedarville people."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgot my feelings and my standing in society. My father, Mr. Ingot, was never so anxious to please the rabble."

"Mrs. Smith, I hope you have not so far forgot my interest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support us."

Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith sobbed hysterically.

"David," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, as they walked home, "I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night. You know I always told you I was unused to society."

"Why Mary, I thought to-night you succeeded to admiration with the villagers; mothers and daughters."

"Oh yes, and I have a great many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs. Smith. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the 'Great Unknown.' I didn't make any answer, and then she said that Waverley alone is enough to set him up. What did she mean, David? Is there to be another store in the village? I'm sure I'm sorry if there is. I told her I did not know Mr. Waverley."

Brown gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening in conclusion for both partners—one had to drive away his wife's hysterics with volatile salts and promises of indulgence—the other to console an intelligent though uncultivated mind, for the lack of that information, which one evening had convinced her was all-essential to her creditable appearance.

On the morrow Mrs. Ann Matilda Smith went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. She was not missed, except by her husband—for truth to tell, she did not win many hearts at 'the party.' Weeks passed, and the simple Mary Brown grew daily in the good graces of the dwellers in Cedarville. The parson's wife thought it a pity 'she had been neglected,' but deemed her 'an intelligent woman' nevertheless. Some others might make the same remark—but all loved her; and through her popularity, added to pre-existing causes, the tide set sadly against the store of old Mr. Pimento. At the end of a few weeks Mrs. Smith returned.

"My dear, I have brought you a present."

"You have brought yourself, Matilda, for which I thank you before opening this package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness in thanking you afterward." The direction was in the counting-house hand of Mr. Ingot. Smith broke the seal, and found instruments possessing him of a large landed property, and a check for several thousands. "Matilda, after the unthinking remark I made a few weeks since, I cannot accept of this."

"Mr. Smith!—Mr. Smith!"

There was something hysterical in her tone, and Smith hastily interrupted, "Allow me at least to secure this to you, I—"

"No! no! take as I offer it, or—"

Poor Smith! he plied his wife alternately volatile and sugared words,—the latter of the remedies brought her to, because they imported an acceptance of her father's gift. It is said of his Satanic Majesty and the wight who accepts his favors, that the latter becomes bound to him. I do not intend to compare Mrs. Smith to the devil, but her present was the purchase money of the—the—inexpressibles. Smith was sold to her, from that day.

"These people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr. Smith."

"They would pay you the same my dear, if you would accept it."

"But I shall not. Who can endure to drink yupon tea out of earthen cups—and hear disquisitions upon sage cheese, stocking yarn, the price of eggs, and the raising of poultry? I cannot, Mr. Smith."

"Mrs. Brown does."

"Mrs. Brown! It is her element—the hateful ignorant creature. I desire you will not ask her or her husband to the house again."

"He is my partner, my dear."

"Your partner! I don't see why you need such a partner. You don't want his capital certainly."

"His capital is experience. He owns nothing, but receives a share of the profits for his services."

"Indeed! Well I'm sure you can hire a good clerk cheaper and not be obliged to court him nor his ignorant wife. I wish you would dissolve, Mr. Smith. I don't like the idea of finding Brown capital to trade upon." Poor Smith!

**DISSOLUTION.**—The connexion in business heretofore existing under the firm of Smith & Brown is this day by mutual consent dissolved.

**'Mutual.'** Yes, that's the word where a strong man kicks a weaker out of doors, and the above is a literal transcript from the Cedarville Universal Advertiser.

One of the *sleeping partners* had upset the house, thus making our editorial friend's toast as *mal-a-propos* as were his editorials. Mr. Brown, and his poor ignorant wife made their round of calls—stepped into the stage, with light hearts and a purse which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, and bid adieu to Cedarville. Nothing worthy of note occurred at their departure, except that the Editor of the Cedarville Advertiser stopped the stage before his door, to ask Brown if he might not send him the paper—to which he the said Brown maliciously answered, that he would pay him the price of it if he would keep it away. Mr. Editor, as a guardian of the public morals was not profanely inclined, but he could not on this occasion help giving his opinion that Brown "was a d—d uncivil fellow, and as illiterate as his wife." Every body in the village re-

gretted their departure, except Mrs. Smith, Mr. Editor, and old Pimento. The latter had reason to be pleased, for Brown's withdrawal would, he knew, essentially weaken the New Store faction. The tide soon turned into its old channel, and old Pimento saw all the old faces back to his counter, except perhaps a few, whose wives trimmed their bonnets like Mrs. Smith, and esteemed it an honor to get a nod from her. In proportion as business lessened, she thinking the portion she brought inexhaustible, doubled her expenses. She figured in the streets of Cedarville in dresses which would have attracted notice for their expensive quality in Washington-street or Broadway. Clouds of the family connections, and the family connections' connections of the Ingots, settled on Smith to rusticate, devouring his substance like a swarm of locusts. And every city carriage which rolled to his door, rolled away the custom of some villager who preferred purchasing sugar of old Pimento to being hurriedly served by the now exclusive and genteel Mr. Smith.

As old Pimento was spelling out the Cedarville Universal Advertiser, (for, since the Editor had returned to his allegiance, he had again subscribed) he chuckled over the following notice: "All persons indebted to John Smith, are notified that his books and accounts are assigned to Ceresus Ingot, to whom immediate payment must be made. Creditors may become parties by signing the assignment." "Holloa, neighbor," shouted he to a passer-by who had been one of the New Store party, "why can't you tell me how Smith & Wife sell London Prints!" "Smith & Wife's Store had become the cant term."

Years had passed. Two persons accidentally met on 'Change. There was a look of uncertain recognition.

"Brown?"

"Smith!"

A hearty shaking of hands followed.

"How is your lady, Brown?"

"Well. She has become acquainted with Mr. Waverley."

"And mine has forgotten her hysterics."

The four met at the city residence of Mr. Brown, who had by industry become possessed of a decent property. Smith, also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came from the library together. "Ladies," said Smith, "we have entered again into copartnership. Matilda, do you think you can invite that hateful Mrs. Brown to my house?"

"Mary," said Brown, "are you afraid of Mrs. Smith, now?"

It is necessary to say that explanations had taken place. Mrs. Smith was not naturally proud, nor was Mrs. Brown ever *dowdy*, though once ignorant. Both were placed by marriage in situations for which they were unfit, and each had learned to adapt herself to her situation. Mrs. Smith learned the thrift and pleasant manners of Mary Brown, and if the latter did not ac-

quire all the shining accomplishments of Mrs. Smith, she at least became deeply read enough to constitute her an agreeable companion for her husband, and to place her above the danger of appearing to ridiculous disadvantage. Of the two, Mrs. Smith had in her education cost her husband the most. One partner married ABOVE, the other BELOW his station in life, and the wife of each had to accommodate herself to the situation of her husband. The *Sleeping Partners* have in the last connection in business, proved such valuable auxiliaries that the firm of Smith & Brown may now count dollars with almost any Ingot on 'Change.

Old Pimento now buys his goods of Smith & Brown, who advertise to country traders through the columns of the Cedarville Universal Advertiser; the Editor of which respectable print carries his head higher than ever.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Boston, November, 1834.

Pleasures and Advantages of Knowledge.  
No. 1.

Original.

There are two kinds of pleasure—neither forbidden by the Almighty—both compatible with reason and religion—those of the senses and those of the intellect. Those of the senses have sometimes been degraded too low. Aristocratic man has sometimes been ashamed to allow that he can receive enjoyment from the same sources which yield it to the whole animal creation; but he ought to have been ashamed to forget that these sources are supplied by our common creator, and that all that comes from his hands must necessarily be pure. That they are cheap pleasures, has also contributed to degrade them. It is but to open the eye and all the delights which beautiful scenery, a clear, azure sky, the heavens studded with brilliants can give, are poured upon the soul. You have but to walk in the fields, and the music of nature, the song of birds, and the chirping of insects soothe, exhilarate or delight you; a thousand flowers impart to you their grateful odors; and the creeping and the climbing vine, and even the bramble, offer fruits which no one need be ashamed to love.

But while I vindicate the pleasures of sense, let me not be misunderstood to intimate that those of the mind are not superior. They are higher and purer in degree—they are more ennobling—and they surpass in intensity. It is a proof of their superiority that they purify, exalt and give additional zest to the pleasures of sense. A man, by the cultivation of his mind, improves his taste. Delightful sounds impart still higher delight; a beautiful flower—an extensive prospect, afford additional pleasure. He acquires new capacities and new sources of enjoyment. Objects and circumstances before unheeded, and by others unheeded, administer to his happiness; and it is not uncommon, that those which before gave positive disgust are converted, by knowledge acquired into sources of positive pleasure.

Let a man, to whom fortune has denied the opportunity, or nature the faculty, of storing his mind with knowledge, go forth into the fields, and meet with a hard and shapeless mass. His eye glances at it, and he sees that it is a stone; and he thinks of it as a stone, and nothing more. He is followed in the same walk by a man, who, attached to the study of nature, has acquired some knowledge of mineralogy. He sees the same object, and he perceives, at a glance, that it is composed of feldspar, mica, and quartz, and constitutes granite. His thoughts immediately advert to the terrible convulsion of nature by which alone it could have been raised from its original position. The subsidence of disintegrated matter in a state of chaos—the laws of affinity or of gravity which collected together these different minerals and united them in one solid, compact mass—the age of the world—the tremendous force of the agents entrusted to Nature to accomplish the designs of Providence—all pass through his mind leaving behind pleasurable emotions, and leading to the elevating and delightful contemplation of the Being whose Almighty power is directed by wisdom and goodness.

But perhaps the stone is not granite.—His practised glance tells him that it is composed of different materials. He breaks it, and the fracture flashes conviction upon his mind that it is limestone. What must be his delight in finding this treasure? And what immense benefit has his knowledge procured for his neighbor, and fellow citizens. Without some portion of knowledge, the quarry, which this specimen indicated to be near, might have remained a long time unsuspected and useless. He thinks of barren fields which may now be fertilized—of permanent, comfortable buildings taking the place of perishable wood, and of new opportunities for employment which must contribute to the support and to the wealth of many.—Such pleasure had the illustrious Whitney, when, rambling over the hills of New Haven, he discovered that a stone abounding there, and which the farmers for years had used in fencing their fields, was the *verd antique*, a species of limestone or marble, more rare and more precious than any other species.

Two men stand on the bank of a river, which has worn a deep channel for its pathway to the ocean. They look at the opposite bank which is high and perpendicular. They see different layers or strata, some of rock, some of gravel, some of sand, some of one kind of clay and some of another, one notices their regularity and the distinctness of their outlines, and his feelings rise, perhaps, to a slight sensation of wonder how they happened to be arranged in that manner. The other—a geologist—views them with the eye of a geologist. The sight immediately recalls the knowledge he has acquired of the formation and structure of the earth, and of the changes it has undergone. He views them as proofs of the power of the natural agents, and as memorials of the different and distant periods when those pow-

ers were brought into action. He is reminded of the various layers supposed—perhaps I may say, *known* to compose the crust of our globe, and of the order in which they are found where they have rested undisturbed. He assigns to each the fossil remains or petrified skeletons, which have been discovered in it. He thinks of the trilobites, the most ancient relic of organized, animated nature; of the ichthyosaurus, and megalosaurus found in the stratum above it; of the iguanodon found in the lower stratum of clay—seventy feet long—which fed upon reeds as tall as our poplars, and browsed the tops of elms and of oaks—not regarding the mammoth, if mammoths existed in that early age of the world, which might be fishing around him. All these, for grave geologists speak of all these, exhibit to his contemplation the vast, the stupendous scale, upon which Nature, or the God of nature, and who shall set bounds to his power? has carried on his operations. Which of these two men, let me ask you, must derive the greatest pleasure from the contemplation of the river's bank?

The effect of knowledge to change disgust into pleasure is in no case more strikingly exhibited than in the study of entomology, which relates to the description, habits, and instincts of insects. The ignorant behold them with antipathy. They know that a few are occasionally destructive, and they involve them all in one common anathema. In their view, none can be useful, and none are beautiful. The entomologist soon overcomes this antipathy. In every step of his progress, he finds something, before unknown, to interest and delight him. He watches their actions, learns their habits and ascertains that all are guided by a wonderful instinct. He discovers that many are useful, and that even those, which are considered most hurtful, are but instruments destined to assist in accomplishing necessary changes in the economy of nature.—Knowledge and familiarity convert, as it were by magic, awkward into graceful forms—disgusting colors into beautiful hues.—The delicate lady shrieks at the sight of a spider; and the housemaid is ever ready with her broom to brush away the odious nuisance of its web; but let her not dare venture into the study of an entomologist.—Woe would betide her should she derange the geometrical diagrams which fringe his windows. She would break his heart should she deprive him of the amusing companion of his solitary hours; of the natural barometer which predicts all the changes in the weather; of the counterpart of the sly speculator, and of the wily politician, alluring silly insects to their destruction.

The sight of the Sun, pursuing its majestic course, and of the starry heavens, impart delight to all beholders; but the degree of pleasure imparted is small or great according to the degree of knowledge which each of them possesses. The ignorant man views them as grand and beautiful objects. He knows besides that the sun diffuses light and heat; and that, by the aid of the seven stars, he can tell the hour of the night. But he



who has acquired some knowledge of astronomy, knows that the sun is the centre of a system, having planets revolving around it.—He looks upon Mars, and Venus and Jupiter, as being connected by the ties of relationship with his own native planet—as having, in fact, some relation to himself—and feels of course an interest in their position, their movements and their fate. He looks upon other stars as other suns, as centres of other systems, each having planets revolving around it, too distant to be seen by the naked eye. His imagination, darting beyond the region of knowledge, but guided by it in its flight, discovers that these stars or suns are themselves planets revolving, in the immensity of space, around a common centre, a sun of suns, endowed with the power of keeping all of them in their orbits and impelling them onward in a regular harmonious motion. And what shall arrest the imagination in its flight? Perhaps—it is possible—nay, is it not probable?—is it not certain, that this great central sun, having other suns revolving as planets around it, is itself a planet or satellite of another more mighty, more central sun? But the imagination becomes bewildered; it flutters and is lost in its vain attempt to find and reach the centre of boundless space. The intellect resumes its supremacy; and certainly—knowledge is welcomed and cherished as the true source of pure, exalted, enduring pleasure.

*To be continued.*

WHAT LETTERS SHOULD BE. Many people, and well informed people too, sit down to write a letter, as if they were about to construct a legal document, or government despatch. Precision, formality, and carefully worded and rounded periods are considered all essential, even though the epistle be intended for a familiar friend. Others appear to be writing for publication, or for posterity, instead of making epistolary communication a simple converse between friends. Away with such labored productions. A letter on business should be brief; to a friend, familiar and easy. We like Hannah More's ideas upon the subject.—She used to say, 'If I want wisdom, sentiment, or information, I can find them better in books.—What I want in a letter is the picture of my friend's mind, and the common sense of his life. I want to know what he is saying and doing; I want him to turn out the inside of his heart to me, without disguise, without appearing better than he is; without writing for a character. I have the same feeling in writing to him. My letter is therefore worth nothing to an indifferent person, but it is of value to the friend who cares for me.' She added, that 'letters among near relations were family newspapers, meant to convey paragraphs of intelligence, and advertisements of projects, and not sentimental essays.'—*Galaxy*.

#### EPIGRAM.

Luna rubet, pallet, crescit, noctu ambulat, errat;  
Hæc quoque femineo propria sunt generi—  
Cornua Luna facit, facit hæc quoque femina, Luna  
Mense semel mutat, femina quaque die.

#### Reflections on the New Year.

##### Original.

What dost thou bring in store, thou coming year  
Of joy or sorrow for sojourners here?  
We know thou bring'st not joy to every one,  
Although we all a happy new year call thee;  
Then pray, reveal to me, and me alone,  
What in thy coming course will sure befall me?  
Say, dost thou bring me happiness and peace,  
From care and pain, a sweet, a blest release,  
Or hast thou yet still heavier griefs in store,  
Than any year has brought me heretofore?  
Oh say, dost thou, upon thy fleeting wing  
To me loved life or death much dreaded bring?  
Why should I ask, since thou wert never known  
To tell thy secrets: and should I alone  
Expect to know them? even if thou should  
Reveal them to me, in good natured mood,  
What should I gain—why should I hope to find  
Thee more than all thy predecessors kind?  
And sure 'twould be no pleasant task to hear  
Repeated all the sorrows of a year.  
But hush! my Muse! no longer dwell will I  
On my own sorrows, passing others by:  
For sure another's griefs and woes should find  
Commiseration in each human mind.  
And O! when this new year shall pass away,  
May all in truth call this a happy day!  
Happy, because beginning the career  
Of this, above all others, happy year.  
May every blessing on our country light,  
And on its citizens: not on lordly white  
Alone; but on degraded Afric's race;  
And Oh! before this coming year be past  
May they among us take their proper place,  
Their rights acknowledged, and their wrongs at last.  
But not alone on fair Columbia's shore  
But all the world; its varied countries o'er,  
May universal peace and love abound  
And truth her blessed influence shed around—  
May mild religion spread o'er every soul  
Her influence holy, and her blest control—  
May every heathen land her presence own,  
And bow no more to blocks of wood and stone;  
But pay their homage to the king of kings  
And find that joy serene, his worship brings.  
And Oh! new year, again I pray, bestow  
On all, these blessings; and if nought but woe  
Remains for me, I'll be contented still  
And bow submissive to God's sovereign will.

DELTA.

January 1, 1835.

#### THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Jan. 9, 1835.

CORRECTION. On our first page, last column, near the bottom, it is stated that Josiah Bartlett was the first in N. H. who received the title of Governor. It should have been expressed, the first, since New-Hampshire became an independent state; the chief-magistrates before the Revolution always bore that title.

COLD WEATHER. Probably Sunday morning, the third instant, was the most intensely cold of any period since the settlement of New England. At half past six, the mercury, in several thermometers in this village, stood at thirty six degrees below zero; in several others, it descended into the bulbs. At 8 A. M., the cold was 27 below; at 12 noon, 5 below, and the temperature was not elevated more than 3 above, during the day. At 9 in the evening, it was 16 below, and at half past 6 Monday morning, it was 25 below. It appears from 24 observations, made by John Farmer, Esq. during the course of 42 hours of the greatest cold, that the average temperature was 13 degrees below zero. The same gentleman states that

the greatest degrees of cold, which have been noticed in this town for the last 14 years, previous to the above, have been the following, viz: 26 Jan. 1821, 26 below zero; 11 Jan. 1822, 24 below; 1 Feb. 1826, 26 below; 31 Jan. 1828, 20 below, and 25 Feb. 1832, 20 below.

When Fahrenheit constructed the thermometer in common use among us, he fixed his zero, or lowest point of graduation, where it now stands, being the greatest degree of cold experienced at Dantzic during the winter of 1709, and also the greatest, which he could produce by mixing together equal quantities of snow and sal-ammoniac. He divided the space between this point, and that of boiling water, into 212 degrees; and his instruments thus constructed, with the exception of extending the graduation 30 or 40 degrees lower, have continued to answer the purpose designed very well until now. But, if we are to be subjected to such severe freezes, as have occurred the present week, there would seem to be some propriety in having them remodelled. Or, perhaps, in anticipation of what may be hereafter, it would be as well to resort at once to alcoholic thermometers.

THE CONCORD LYCEUM. In a late number, we made some remarks upon Lyceums, and the want of proper spirit, manifested by our citizens in sustaining such an institution in this town. There is, we are happy to announce, in existence, such a society. It has been hitherto sustained, as every thing of the kind has, by the young men, but we are sorry to say, is in a bad situation. Our citizens generally do not do as they ought, in encouraging the efforts of our young men; but few of them are perhaps aware of the existence even of such a society amongst them. Whilst the inhabitants of every other village in New England are eager to sustain such an enterprise; in the capital of this state, it is suffered to languish, for want of due encouragement from the young and the old.

CHARITY. At this inclement season the wants and necessities of the poor and unfortunate should not be forgotten. If the benevolent will take the trouble of visiting the abodes of destitution and wretchedness, they cannot fail to find proper objects of relief. Particularly, should widows and orphans—those who have lost their dearest friend, and those who are deprived of their best earthly guardian—be remembered. If suffering ever has claims upon our sympathy, it is when presented existing among these two classes.

HON. WILLIAM PLUMER. This distinguished citizen of New Hampshire, now in his seventy sixth year, is devoting the evening of a long and useful life to the composition of *American Biography*. He has already written between eleven and twelve hundred articles, and still much of the work he proposes to execute remains unaccomplished. For a long period engaged in the active duties of his profession or in discharging responsible public trusts, we imagine there are few, if any, among us, so competent as Mr. Plumer to the performance of the task he has undertaken. May he survive its completion, and long remain in the full fruition of all those blessings he so richly merits.

## POETRY.

## Home.

## Original.

When life's fiercer tempests howl sullenly o'er—  
Our bark tost by billows far, far from the shore;  
Oft the thoughts, lost to peril, o'er surges will roam,  
And fondly encircle endearments of home.

Home, &amp;c.

With fancy's gay pencil is youth's picture drawn—  
The loved haunts of pleasure, the wood and the lawn—  
The friends we've oft greeted, and still hope to greet,  
In the wild paths of vision we happily meet.

Home, &amp;c.

The cottage we enter—the home of our birth,  
The spot prized above all the mansions of earth;  
With lov'd ones caressing—the billow breaks o'er,—  
And we wake but to hope for sweet home on the shore.

Home, &amp;c.

N.

## On the approach of Winter.

By Rev. J. N. Maffit.

Now smiling summer wanes to say  
My lavish'd beauties die;  
And winter drear, in sad array  
Darkens the glowing sky.

Blights with its cold each tender plant—  
Its verdure blasts with frost:  
No more the daisy'd fields enchant—  
Their beauteous tints are lost.

The warbling songsters of the grove  
Dejected, all forlorn—  
Now chirping round the bowers they love,  
In sadness seem to mourn.

Each fragrant shrub, the blushing rose,  
In mildest crimson dress;  
To please the eye, no longer blows,  
Nor decks fair beauty's breast.

The breath of morn—divinely sweet,  
With every genial shower  
That washed the cowslips at our feet;  
And glistened every flower.

The bubbling rill that gently flows  
In wilder'd numbers slow;  
Now hushed in silence to repose  
Beneath the mountain's snow.

The gloom then spreads in black dismay,  
With rain and sleet and storm;  
Wrinkles the face of summer's day.  
And all her charms deform.

How like to man this picture bright:  
His youthful days are bliss  
The scene enchants him with delight;  
'Tis summer's vernal kiss.

But when each prospect, fading, dies,  
And sullen swells the blast;  
'Tis then, he deeply, vainly sighs,  
For lo! his summer's past!

## To a departed Friend.

By Rev. J. N. Maffit.

Adieu! thou fondly cherish'd flower, adieu!  
Transplanted to a fairer, richer scene,  
Where all thy nobler powers shall bloom anew,  
And blossom with an ever-verdant green.

Say, as thou speed'st thy flight on cherub's wing,  
Thro' clustered stars, that gem the milky way;  
Canst thou inhale the mild perennial spring,  
And snatch from Sharon's rose the golden spray?

Or from the circlet of yon silvery sky,  
Where crowding glories paradise thee round;  
Hast thou, as yet, beheld archangels' fly  
To swell the pealing anthems' 'trancing sound?

Tell me, but late encag'd in pallid clay,  
Who now the suburbs of thy home can view—  
Art thou astounded with that blaze of day  
Which bursts, resplendent, from the ether blue?

Methinks, the sister-spirit whispers, no—  
As purple crimson o'er her flowing vest;  
Nor can a sigh escape to earth below—  
An angel clasps her to his starry breast.

While through the air, an intermingling cry  
Of choral voices, rend the lofty dome;—  
The strains celestial bound beyond the sky,  
And hail the ransom'd spirit to its home.

## Night.

Silent and full of stars!—the awful Heaven  
Is looking down on slumber. There is not  
The breathing of a solitary breeze  
Upon the cheek of winter. It is still  
As when the shapeless attributes of Earth  
Slept in the night of Chaos: and the wing  
Of a most heavy darkness hung upon  
The unformed solitude. The trees stand up,  
Without the show of motion; and the stars,  
And the uprising of the holy moon,  
Make visible the silverying of frost,  
Among their naked boughs. Even the tall grass  
Around their trunks, is flashing, like the spears  
Of fairy multitudes; the snowy tops  
Of all the hills are quivering with gems,—  
The jewel'ry of winter.

I have gazed  
Upon the things around me, until all  
The "grossness of reality is gone,  
And I can feed my fancy with the thought  
Of a most glorious vision. I can cast  
The veil of earth aside, and send my gaze  
Into the land of fairy; and look through  
Groves of unearthly beauty. I can see  
The golden pillars and the fretted roof  
Of wizard palaces; the grottoes, where  
The elfin spirits of the unseen world,—  
The winged and mysterious messengers  
From the far land of spirits, shake their plumes  
And white wings in the moonlight. I can tread  
The jewelled pathway, where a magic wand  
Hath changed the unseemly pebble to a gem—  
The gray sand into gold.

There cannot be  
A vision lovelier in the flowery time  
Of the revealing Spring, nor in the sun  
And glory of the Summer. It is as  
The blissful Paradise of Yemen's sons,  
The flowry gardens of enchanted Gul.

## Modern Greece.

By Lord Byron.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before decay's the effacing fingers  
Have swept the line where beauty lingers,)  
And marked the mild, angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The Conqueror of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill changeless brow,  
Where cold abstraction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it would impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed!

Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Her's is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath:  
But beauty with that fearful bloom:  
That line which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling passed away!  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

WRITING. When the Egyptians came to  
employ for writing, the bark of a plant or  
reed called *papyrus*, which formerly grew  
in great quantities on the banks of the Nile,  
it superseded all former modes, from its con-  
venience. This plant has given the name  
to our *paper* although the latter is manufac-  
tured from linen and cotton rags. The use  
of paper is of great antiquity. It is what  
was anciently called *charta*.

Before the use of *paper* and parchment  
passed to the Romans, they used the thin  
peel found between the wood and bark of  
trees. This skinny substance they called  
*liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber*, a  
book, and *library* and *librarian* in modern  
European languages, and the French *liere*  
for book. But we of northern origin derive  
our word *book* from the Danish *bog*, the beech  
tree, because that being most plentiful in  
Denmark was used to engrave on. Ancient-  
ly instead of folding this bark, parchment,  
or paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it ac-  
cording as they wrote on it; and the Latin  
name given to these rolls has passed into  
our own and other languages. We say *rol-  
ume* or *volumes*, although our books are com-  
posed of papers cut and bound together.

Mrs. Chapone was asked how it was she was  
always so early at church? 'Because,' said she,  
'it is a part of my religion not to disturb the re-  
ligion of others.'

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